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Female Monster

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OR,

The Second Part

OF

The World turn'd Topsy Turvey.

A

SATYR.

*Behold, a greater Monster than before,
A Woman Monster, -----*

----- That's a Monst'rous Whore.

L O N D O N,

Printed : And Sold by B. Bragg, in Avemary-Lane

1705.

5. march. 170⁴/₅

Price Six Pence.

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T H E

Female Monster

A

S A T Y R.

IF Man the greatest Brute on Earth was made,
 And Woman with that monst'rous Clay allay'd;
 How vile a thing must such a Creature be,
 The hated Cause of Man's lost Liberty?

This is her Birth; but Satyr, if thou'lt trace
 The secret Steps of this degenerate Race;
 More foul and monst'rous Actions thou wilt find
 Pregnant in her, than in all Human Kind;
 The Emissary of malignant Fiends,
 Fair in her Ways, but poy'snous in her Ends.

B

The

The subtle Serpent taught her to beguile,
 And when the Murder meant, how she shou'd smile.
 He taught this Monster all the murd'ring Trade
 Of Beauty, she so artful now has laid,
 To rival, nay, out-do the blushing Maid:
 For she no longer Nature's Laws pursu'd,
 But 'till she had her *Cully*, Man, subdu'd:
 Then like a Tyrant she impos'd her Chains,
 Tho' the vain *Bubble* fancies that he Reigns;
 Struts round the World with awful Looks of Pride,
 As if the Woman was not taken from his Side.

But see this pageant Greatness, how 'tis gone,
 If once the peevish Creature Chance to frown:
 He fawns like *Aesop's* Dog, and kneels to lick
 The haughty Females Feet that do him kick;
 Then shakes his Head, and tosses round his Eyes,
 So lately made the Woman's Sacrifice,
 As if he did the Deity despise.

Whilst

Whilst o'er the Victim she insulting stands,
 The suppliant Slave obeys her proud Commands ;
 As honour'd by the thing he so disdains,
 He Triumphs most, when most he is in Chains.

Such secret Charms this Monster has to win,
 She can deceive ev'n those that know the Gin ;
 She's fetter'd only with the Chains of Gold,
 Stronger than all th' Enchantments were of Old,
 Or those the Poet of fam'd *Circe* told:

They bind, or else she wou'd despotick grow,
 And let Mankind her fierce Resentments know :
 For all their Liberties are in her Pow'r,
 Which Monster-like, she does at once devour:
 Then makes the servile Brute her Will obey ;
 Hunt like the Tyger, for his Savage Prey
 At Dead of Night, or 'fore the Dawn of Day.

Her Laws are absolute, there's no Appeal,
 For Justice lies against a Woman's Will.

Boundless as Oceans is her strong Desire,
 And as unquenchable as *Aëna's* Fire;
 Fruitful as *Nile* her monst'rous Product are,
 And as the Fields, fresh, beautiful and fair:
 But then lordly, like *Lucifer*, they Reign,
 And all the Works of Heav'n beside disdain.
 In Courts and Cottages they claim their Sway,
 And make that foolish Creature Man obey.
 Their Rule abroad, as well as here is known,
 For all the World pay Homage to the Female Throne.
 Empire has always in their Nature been,
 That ev'ry Woman Reigns a little Queen.

Not one's so vile, but has her Man to rule,
 Either the cautious Coxcomb, or the Fool.
 The Hermit in his Cell is not secure
 From this insatiate Monster's fatal Pow'r.
 The sacred Robe here lays Religion down;
 Here falls the *Crosier*, *Mitre*, and the *Crown*,
 And none insults here, like the ill-bred Clown:

O'er

O'er him she governs with the meanest Sway;
 The Night is hers, but he commands the Day.
 Insensible he bears the Female Fire,
 For Beauty cannot raise his Passion higher.
 That fierce Artillery, shot from their Eyes,
 Wounds not his Heart, tho' thro' his Soul it flies,
 And pierces to the Quick the Brave and Wise.
 There 'tis this Monster vents her rancid Spleen,
 There are her Triumphs, and her Trophies seen;
 For who can yet forget a *Mazarine*.
 What high Command o'er fetter'd Man she bore,
 For next to Heav'n's is an illustrious Wh---e.

The triple Monarch yielded to her Charms,
 Forgot his *Sanctity* within her Arms,
 And fancy'd Heav'n in ev'ry balmy Kiss,
 Transported as he lay in liquid Bliss;
 With Pleasure fill'd, and with resistless Joy,
 Which does *Infallibility* destroy.

The Female did usurp the sacred Throne,
 Nor triumph'd only o'er the Mitred Crown:
 But made imperial Greatness on her wait,
 And Kings contend to bow beneath her Feet:
 This was her Majesty, and this her Pride,
 Tho' she'd a thousand little Arts beside,
 Ev'ry vain Fool and Coxcomb to ensnare,
 The doating Statef-man, or the callow Peer.
 Oxford too well the fatal Secret knew,
 Whereby this Monster all her Thousands flew:
 But, *Satyr*, let those buried with her lie
 In the dark Womb of still Eternity.

For living Monsters, thou'st enough in store,
 Tho' not so great a Woman, and so great a Wh-o-re.
 x *Mordaunt* M---r---t, tho' once she had a Dutchess's Name,
 Will never reach to thy notorious Fame.
 England alone her smaller Actions bonuds;
 But *Mazarine's* throughout all Europe sounds.

Mary dau. of Hen. 2. of Peterborough If
 wife of Hen. 2. of Norfolk from whom
 she was divorced 1101 & after

If *M---r---t* of a Man, a Monster made,
The Crimes extinct, for now the Monster's Dead.

This Venom spreads thro' all the Female-kind;
Shew me a Woman, I'll a Monster find.

They're false by Nature, and by Nature taught,
The Treachery that *Eve* so dearly bought.

So early 'twas she learnt how to deceive,
And by her flatt'ring Arts, make Man believe;

Believe, that Woman was his chiefest Good,

E'er he to well the Secret understood;

Knew that 'twas she destroy'd the Sweets of Life,

She that was Woman call'd, or *Eve*, or Wife.

So *Bo-x*, that Prostitute of Wives, became
Her Husband's Curse, and all her Sexes Shame;

Deceiv'd Mankind with a false flatt'ring Face,

Which only saw its Likeness in the Glass.

Her Tears prevail'd beyond her other Charms;

She sigh'd her Lovers to her longing Arms;

Till

'Till fated with her lustful Joys, she lay
With Indignation fir'd at break of Day.

Thus the insatiate *Messalina* strove,
With hot polluted Lust, to quench her Love :
She strol'd the Streets as wanton Matrons do,
That with the burning Fires of Lechery glow.
The Stews themselves cou'd not allay her Flame,
To that she Sacrific'd a *Cæsar's* Fame,
And glory'd like the vilest Woman, in her Shame.

Richlieu fills next the monst'rous black Record
Of stroling Whores, by all Mankind abhor'd.
From Place to Place, from Court to Court they rove,
And Merchant-like, Trade in Lascivious Love :
She left her native Clime to seek Renown,
But found no Shelter under *William's* Crown.
Dispatch'd from thence, she her great Lover lost,
She hop'd to win again, when Seas she'd crost :
But see, alafs ! ev'n *Holland* cou'd not bear
A Cully-making of a *Belgick* Peer :

They

They banish'd her with Marks of most Disdain,
 And sent her by Sea-Monsters home again ;
 To *Italy* they sent the Scarlet Wh~~o~~-re,
 Worse than she came from thence, and quite as Poor ;
 For she had Sinn'd so long, that she could Sin no more.

Crofs is a Monster of so mean a Race,
 Enough the lowest Satyr to disgrace.
 She claims her Being from such sordid Earth,
 Nor is her Manners better than her Birth :
 Pregnant with Lust, she fell before her Years,
 To the last Pitch of Infamy, to Rakish Peo-*rs*.
 Lewd from her Cradle, she at last became,
 Ev'n to the Stage, that nurs'd her first a Shame.

But *Fortune* which on Vice does sometimes frown,
 Remov'd this wretched Creature from the Town :
 Pleas'd for a time with Misery to sport,
 Sent her from hence, to the fam'd *Gallick* Court ;
 Bestow'd her on the Man she meant to Curse,
 For of all Plagues, what could she think of worse ?

Search where you will, you can't find such another,
 A Whore the Daughter, and the Bawd the Mother.
 From this low Strain, let me ascend again,
 Least with such Monsters I affright the Men.

F---, tho' she's one of more than usual size,
 Delights at once, at once attracts all Eyes:
 Yet she's a Woman made up of Deceit,
 A false intriguing Woman, without Wit:
 'Tis true, her younger Sister has her share,
 But she's as Ugly as the other's Fair.
 How hard a Task would't be, were I to chuse,
 Which of the two I'd have, and which refuse?
 For they are form'd in the same crooked Mold,
 Both are Ill-natur'd, both are Vain and Old:
 Yet Coquetry, that darling Female-Vice,
 They still pursue, and love dear as their Eyes.

So M^a-f^on practis'd that engaging Sin
 So long, 'till she had drawn her Gallants in;

'Till

'Till she had lost her Honour, and her Fame,
 × And for a *Counsell*, took a private Name,
 Without the Sense of Modesty, or Shame.
 To publick Censure she her Sex betray'd,
 And all ther jugling Misteries display'd.

The Mary'd Females curs'd this Monster more,
 Than e'er Man did the most falacious Wh-~~o~~-re:
 They curs'd her, 'cause a President she made,
 And ruin'd all the interloping Trade.

No Wives dare practise now the dear Deceit,
 Least they themselves, more than their Cuckolds, cheat.
 The meanest Scoundrel threatens a Divorce,
 Tho' he agreed for *better* and for *worse*.

How monst'rous vicious are our Women grown,
 That Modesty's esteem'd a Vice in Town?
 At Court it flourishes much like a Weed,
 Is soon pluck'd up, e'er it can bring forth Seed:
 The fairest Flow'rs are suffer'd still to grow,
 But in the Bud destroy'd before they blow:

*Law. of Sir Rich^d Mason of Shropshire
 wife of Cha^s P. of Macclesfield from whom she
 was divorced - became still more notorious
 by the treatment of a Savage who paid for her on*

The gath'ring Hand to, eager to possess,
Anticipates, and makes the Blessing less.

Fond, foolish Man, extravagant in Love,
Does, like the Brute, beyond his Reason move;
Surfeits on Joys form'd by his wild Desire,
That without Fuel wou'd maintain the Fire:
For nothing else by Nature taught, but he,
Seeks to destroy its own Felicity.

Dull and insipid, as the Women are,
False as they're kind, and foolish as they're fair,
Yet their own Happiness is still their Care:
But monstrous Man's so much a Cully made,
He's never happy, but when he's betray'd:
When to his Ruin most he can impart,
To some false, the the Secrets of his Heart;
Who knowing all the soft Recesses of his Soul,
Sees by what Springs the easiest may controul,
Then strikes her Darts upon th' unthinking Fool.

So

So the fam'd *Portsmouth*, with bewitching Charms,
 Lull'd the Great Monarch to her Syren Arms ;
 With soothing Words she touch'd the Heroe's Heart ;
 He felt the Pow'r of her resistless Art,
 That rais'd such springing Joy in ev'ry part.
 While in her soft'ning Breast he melting lay,
 And to her Charms became a Royal Prey :
 False as she was, yet she cou'd still deceive,
 If she but flatter'd him, he would believe,
 And ruin all Mankind for this his *Eve*.

Charles
 C---s did as much as e'er Man did before,
 He was the truest Cully, she the falsest Whore.

Cleveland
 Cl---d, my Satyr ought not to pass by,
 Without surveying her with *W-y-ch&-rly*,
 Who taught Satyrick Lectures on the Stage,
 But was himself the truest Satyr of the Age,
 For *Cleveland* fir'd him with Poetick Rage.
 A Monarch's Darling, and a Poet's Muse,
 My Satyr ought with Tenderness to use.

Hide all her Faults that were not venial Crimes,
 Such as were modish in those gallant Times :
 When fashionable Vices were in Vogue,
 And few Folks came at Court, but Whore and Rogue :
 In those blest Days, the only Arts to rise,
 Were learnt from looking on the Women's Eyes.
 From watching all the Motions of the Fair,
 For in that Sphere is fixt the *Polar* Star :
 To which Court, Sailors all their Courses bend,
 Sure of Success, if they've a Female Friend.

Nor is their Pow'r less in these Virtuous Days,
 For Women still ambitious are of Praise,
 Tho' to obtain't, they use quite different Ways.
 Some Monsters are in Shape, in Mein and Air,
 Some ugly Monsters, some are monstrous Fair,
 Nay, some are beautiful, but those are rare;
 Some Gaming Love, and few but what love Pride,
 But all love those things that are most deny'd :

To

To run in Debt, and make their Husbands pay,
 Never love Peace, but love to disobey ;
 Cry all the Night, and look foul all the Day.
 Hate every thing that looks but like a Wh~~o~~-re,
 And turn there Women Monthly out of Door.
 Sit up at Cards 'till Morning Damps arise,
 Then purge next Day, to clear their gouty Eyes.

These are the modish Pastimes of the Age,
 That want reforming with Satyrick Rage;
 For they're too great to be corrected by the Stage.
 The Stage that now has learnt to flatter Vice,
 And like the Women, is become precise,
 Dare not find Faults among the Rich and Fair,
 To tell them what they shou'd, because they're there;
 Because they are too Mercenary grown,
 And lash not Vice, but palliate the Town.
 To all the Follies of the Great, they're dumb,
 The Great, that wou'd their Subject best become.

They

They sooth with Arts below the Comick Muse ;
 For base and servile Flattery to use,
 Is prostituting Virtue to the Stews.

How sordid then is Flattery and Mean,
 That cannot all these little Tricks disdain,
 These Tricks that make the Women proud and vain.
 Else how comes *M--ch---r* so great a *Bell*,
 But that her Vanity does most excel,
 To be admir'd, and to admire as well.

Grimace Thus *G---st---n* may attack the Charming Fair
 With Dance and Song, and with a Courtly Air,
 Becoming both a Lover and a Peer.

For Women love the most Notorious *Fools*,
 Because if Great, they are the better Tools:
 A thousand Vices they supply in one,
 For Vanity they worship as their Sun;
 'Tis that they most delight in, most adore,
 Sute but that Appetite, you need no more, (*Where.*
 To change that monstrous thing call'd *Woman* into
 For

For what is all the smooth Pretence
 Of Vertue, Modesty, and Innocence,
 But flatt'ring Arts to carry on the Cheat
 Of modish Coquetry, and vain Deceit,
 Still to betray the Good, and please the Great?
 What mean these soothing, soft'ning Ways they use,
 But well-laid Trains of False-hood to amuse?
 What mean they else, when they can Tears command,
 To spread Destruction thro' their native Land?
 When they can melt Men with Compassion down,
 Or raise their Fury by a fullen Frown.

These are mysterious Truths we daily see
 Encroaching on Man's free-born Liberty;
 For Women ev'ry Hour we live, we find,
 False, Foolish, Fickle, Cruel, or too Kind:
 These mingl'd well, might happily produce,
 A Creature fit for Love, and fit for Use.

But as they're Monsters fill'd with Rage and Fire,
 That pall our Joys with a too warm Desire,
 F With

With little Knowledge we may eas'ly see,

In Woman still lies all our Misery :

We soon may read in ev'ry Face we find,

Those fatal Characters that strike us Blind,

And shew the *greatest Bubble*, is *Mankind*.

S. I. N. I. F.

For
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